

G E O R G E R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: WHEREAS Our trusty and well-beloved William Warburton, Doctor in Divinity, Dean of Our Cathedral Church of Bristol, hath, by his Petition, humbly represented unto Us, that the late Alexander Pope, Esq; having by his Will bequeathed unto him, the Petitioner, the Property of all such of his Works already printed, as he the said Petitioner hath written, or shall write, Commentaries, or Notes, upon; and all the Profits which should arise, after his Death, from such Editions as he the said Petitioner, should publish, without future Alterations; and that being desirous of reaping the Fruits of his Labour, which he cannot enjoy without Our Royal Licence and Protection, he hath therefore most humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing, Publishing, and Vending the said Works, for the Term of Fourteen Years; We being graciously pleased to gratify him in his said Request, do by these Presents, agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, give and grant unto the said Doctor William Warburton, Dean of Bristol, his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns, Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing the said Works, for and during the Term of Fourteen Years; to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof; strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and other Our Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same, or any Part thereof, reprinted, beyond the Seas, within the said Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said Doctor William Warburton, Dean of Bristol, his Heirs, Executors, and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them, offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Perils; whereof the Masters, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of Our City of London, the Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other Our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at Kensington, the Twenty-fourth Day of July 1759, in the Thirty-third Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

H O L D E R N E S S E.

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THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
In Six VOLUMES Complete.
WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,
AND
IMPROVEMENTS;
TOGETHER WITH
All his NOTES, as they were delivered to
the EDITOR a little before his Death:
Printed verbatim from the Octavo Edition
OF
Mr. WARBURTON.

L O N D O N,
Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. & F. Rivington,
R. Baldwin, T. Causton, T. Longman, B. Law,
J. Johnson, T. Davies, T. Cadell, W. &
J. Richardson, and E. Johnston.
MDCCLXXVI.



— “ HORACE avec BOILEAU ;

“ Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutiez le beau ;
“ Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
“ Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle.
“ Mais POPE approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré ;
“ D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
“ Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'Etre,
“ Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.
“ L'art quelquefois frivole et quelquefois divin,
“ L'art des vers est dans POPE UTILE AU GENDRE
“ HUMAIN.” *Voltaire, au Roi de Prusse.*



Plate I.

Vol. I. facing the general Title



THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME I

CONTAINING HIS
JUVENILE POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. & F. Rivington,
R. Baldwin, T. Causton, T. Longman, B. Law,
J. Johnson, T. Davies, T. Cadell, W. &
J. Richardson, and E. Johnston.

MDCCLXXVI.

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To the OCTAVO EDITION.

MR. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his writings^a; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public^b.

In discharge of this trust, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subscription*; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impression; nor his memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the best Artists in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could bestow upon it.

^a—"I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all Mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious Reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light," etc. *Let. cxx. to Mr. W.*

^b—"I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all such of my Works already printed as he hath written or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of or alienated; and as he shall publish WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERATIONS."—*His Last Will and Testament.*

ii ADVERTISEMENT.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the Editor need not make a secret. It was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased Friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impressions of several parts of his Works, unfold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they should have time to dispose of them to the best advantage before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this edition above all the preceding: so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader must collect for himself.

The FIRST Volume, and the original poems in the SECOND, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himself, even to the very preface: which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile Translations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. But these being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The THIRD Volume, all but the *Essay on Man* (which, together with the *Essay on Criticism*, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in Quarto, as a specimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his last illness (but never published) in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the *Epistle on the Characters of Men* is quite altered: that on the *Characters of Women*, much enlarged; and the *Epistles on Rites*

ADVERTISEMENT.

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and Taste corrected and improved. To these advantages of the THIRD Volume, must be added a great number of fine Verses taken from the Author's Manuscript-copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the Editor. These, when he first published the Poems, to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some from the Manuscript-copy of the *Essay on Man*, which tended to discredit *fate*, and to recommend the *moral government* of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last Edition of that Poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort from his Manuscript-copy of the other *Ethic Epistles*, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two Poems intitled M DCC XXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epistles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to say, with the *Variations*, or additional verses from the Author's Manuscripts. The *Epilogue* to the *Satires* is likewise enriched with many and large notes, now first printed from the Author's own Manuscript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this further to add, That it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, it was pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most *insignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rhymers and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raise and ennoble it by pointing his Satire against the most *pernicious* of all, Minute philosophers and Free-thinkers. I imagined too, it was for the interest of Religion to have it known that so great a Genius had a due abhorrence

of these pests of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the same time, told me it would create him many enemies. He was not mistaken. For though the terror of his pen kept them for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with unrestrained fury, in numerous Coffee-house tales, and Grubstreet libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived to shew, that the follies and defects of a fashionable EDUCATION naturally led to, and necessarily ended in, FREE-THINKING; with design to point out the only remedy adequate to so fatal an evil. It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *moral writings* that might be suspected of having the least glance towards *Fate* or NATURALISM; and to add what was proper to convince the world, that he was warmly on the side of *moral Government* and a *revealed Will*. And it would be injustice to his memory not to declare that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The SIXTH Volume consists of Mr. Pope's miscellaneous pieces in verse and prose. Amongst the *Verse* several fine poems make now their first appearance in his Works. And of the *Prose*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this Edition.

The SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH Volumes consist entirely of his *Letters*. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of *familiar Epistles*. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting these, I say,

ADVERTISEMENT.

the rest are all published from the Author's own printed, though not published, copies, delivered to the Editor.

On the whole, the Advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are these, That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings; That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the Public with his last corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verses are here first printed from the Manuscript-copies of his principal poems of later date: That many new notes of the Author's are here added to his Poems; and lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the Public.

The Author's Life deserves a just Volume; and the Editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the first Poets in the world is but his second praise. He was in a higher Class. He was one of the *noblest works of God*. He was an *honest Man* *. A man who alone possessed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a Satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes. In this history of his life, will be contained a large account of his *writings*; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his *genius*, exemplified from these writings; and a vindication of his *moral character*, exemplified by his more distinguished virtues: his filial piety, his disinterested friendships, his reverence for the constitution of his country, his love and admiration of VIRTUE, and (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of VICE, his extensive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his supreme veneration of the Deity, and, above all, his sincere belief of Revelation. Nor shall his faults be concealed. It is not for the interests of his virtues

* "A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,

"An honest Man's the noblest work of God."

that they should. Nor indeed could they be concealed, if we were so minded, for they *shine* through his Virtues; no man being more a dupe to the specious appearances of Virtue in others. In a word, I mean not to be his Panegyrist, but his Historian. And may I, when Envy and Calumny take the same advantage of my absence (for, while I live, I will freely trust it to my *Life* to confute them) may I find a friend as careful of my honest fame as I have been of His! Together with his Works, he hath bequeathed me his DUNCES. So that as the property is transferred, I could wish they would now let his memory alone. The veil which Death draws over the Good is so sacred, that to throw dirt upon the shrine scandalizes even Barbarians. And though Rome permitted her Slaves to calumniate her best Citizens on the day of Triumph, yet the same petulancy at their funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet. The Public may be malicious; but is rarely vindictive or ungenerous. It would abhor these insults on a writer dead, though it had borne with the ribaldry, or even set the ribalds on work, when he was alive. And in this there was no great harm: for he must have a strange impotency of mind whom such miserable scribblers can ruffle. Of all that gross Boeotian phalanx who have written scurrilously against me, I know not so much as one whom a writer of reputation would not wish to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be ashamed to own for his friend. I am indeed but slightly conversant in their works, and know little of the particulars of their defamation. To my Authorship they are heartily welcome. But if any of them have been so abandoned by Truth as to attack my moral character in any instance whatsoever, to all and every one of these, and their abettors, I give the LYE in form, and in the words of honest Father Valerian, MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME.

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P R E F A C E.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books and the readers of them are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations: The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments^a.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of

^a In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation*—But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic : for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment ; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour ; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination : and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others : now if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write ; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere ; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents ; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world ; and people

will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which is the majority; for it is with a fine Genius, as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him: a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-

amusement when a man is idle or alone ; the privilege of being admitted into the best company ; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth ; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author ; I writ because it amused me ; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write ; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant ; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so : for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we : and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent ; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for Posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality : Though if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune : they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride ! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients ; and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times ; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers : And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living ; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies : But the true reason these pieces are not

more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the Public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest: the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill-language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume

perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *Memento mori* to some of my vain coteremporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the Public in general.

Nov. 10, 1715.

VARIATIONS in the Author's Manuscript Preface.

AFTER page iv. l. 4. it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus) via laetetur.* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amica omniū*

~~superfluous~~; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. v. l. 31. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason why they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me,

if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the critics.

On Mr. POPE and his *Poems*.

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Pastorals*.

IN those more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A Muse sincere, that never Flattery knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
 Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.⁵
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear:¹⁰
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull:
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful sound,¹⁵
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
 Your strains are regularly bold, and please
 With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease,²⁰
 With proper thoughts, and lively images:
 Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear,²⁵
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
 And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit;³⁰

Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress
 In filks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long-lost graces of simplicity:
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With Virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45

Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
 Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight,
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Windfor-Forest*.

HAIL! sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windfor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The Pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
 And China's Earth was cast on common sand: }

Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
The juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25
Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd, with painted plains!
And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
Amidst the rural joys, you sing so well:

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }
O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much lov'd *Isis'* walk convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
And made that Music which was noise before.
There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65
The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun. 75
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring pheasant lie?

His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by } 80
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly }
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, } 85
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chase,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
The soft complaint shall ever time prevail; } 90
The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames*! forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more } 95
Than all their shouts for Victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent columns still a diff'rent tide, } 100
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur, and enrich the tide;
A while distinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, } 105
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAP.

TO MR. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids
 Of old assembled in the *Theſſian* shades;
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Besit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
 Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ, 5
 "To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*,"
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse:
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
 He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
 "A truth that Envy bids me not conceal: 10
 "Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
 "I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
 "Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
 "Heard me repeat, and treasure'd in his mind;
 "And fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise, 15
 "From me, the God of Wit, usurp'd the bays.
 "But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
 "Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 "Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
 "And the white Isle with female pow'r is blest; 20
 "Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 "And the Translator's Palm to me transfer.
 "With less regret my claim I now decline,
 "The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

TO MR. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;
 What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
 What Music tune them, what Affection fire?
 O might thy Genius in my bosom shine;
 Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
 The brightest Ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
 Horace himself would own thou dost excell
 In candid arts to play the Critic well,
 Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
 Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream:
 On silver feet with annual Osier crown'd,
 She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.
 How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
 Made by the Muse the envy of the Fair?
 Less shone the tresses Egypt's princes wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
 The new machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
 But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in fight; a Satire-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.
 In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits;
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.

How might he tune th' alternatè reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Stréphon thou, a Daphnis he;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread, 40
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye vallies, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd; 54
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here:* 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detectèd flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!

Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Wind for lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela's sweetest o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend—and when a friend inspires, 75
 My silent harp its master's hand requires.
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
 For Fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and caverns at their feet;
 Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
 Even here I sing, when Pore supplies the rhyme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphant arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
 The mimic Feature on the breathing stone:
 Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which Worth alone can raise :
 Sure to survive, when time shall overwhelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust ; 10
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die :
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,
 What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled, 15
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,
 Shakespear's rejoice ! his hand thy page refines ;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines ;
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought ;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ; 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael ! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry past 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ? 30
 This you beheld ; and taught by heav'n to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Tours o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns, 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns ;
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight :
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40

Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
 Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.

How long that Hero *, by unskilful hands, 55
 Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
 Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws: 80
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men, more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. P O P E,
 On the publishing his W O R K S.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
 Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
 First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
 Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
 Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shoots, what gath'ring crouds rejoice
 Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
 Such as the Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
 And see the Chief! before him laurels born; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
 Here rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,

Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blame of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend, 23
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands: 30

Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)

Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMmortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more:
After so many stars extinct in night,
The dark'ned ages last remaining light!

To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wits;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
 From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baia now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove:
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
 Not that Barbarian hands her Palaces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her fields unsown;
 But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled,
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd!
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With Ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise :
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his Master bear :
 Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
 That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays ;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
 To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
 That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
 And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
 Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the People whose exploits I sung ;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
 But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
 And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON.]

PASTORALS,

WITH A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

VOL. I.

B

PART 2

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL

WISDOM IN THE YEAR 1800

By

Vol. II

GEORGE

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY:

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*^b. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which,

^a Written at sixteen years of age.

^b Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both^c; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity^d, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short^e, and the periods concise. Yet

^c Heinſius in Theocr.

^d Rapin, de Carm. Past. p. 2.

^e Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poët. d'Arist. p. 2. Reflex. xxvii.

ON PASTORAL POETRY. 5

it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered^f. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries^g. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety^h. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they

^f Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

^g Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

^h See the forementioned Preface.

should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers¹ and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to^k. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

¹ ΘΕΡΙΕΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

^k Rapin, Refl. on Arist. part ii. Refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil¹. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetra-stich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so

¹ Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

S P R I N G.

THE FIRST PASTORAL,

OR

D A M O N.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

NOTES.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville*, afterwards Lord *Lansdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Hallifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walsh*, whom Mr. *Dryden*, in his Postscript to *Virgil*, calls the best Critic of his age. "The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that *Virgil* had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Apr. 1705.* The Lord *Lansdown* about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. *Wycherley*), "that if he goes on as he has begun in his Pastoral way, as *Virgil* first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost! 10
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

NOTES.

Into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walsh* about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in *Verse*, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any *English* poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

Sir *William Trumbal*.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years: he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.

VER. 12. in your native shades] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retired, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 17, etc. The scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere verso,
 Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of *Virgil*, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spenser*, *Virgil*, *Theocritus*.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair : 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :

IMITATIONS.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—
 Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays, —
Tbyrsis, the Music of the murm'ring Spring, —
 are manifestly imitations of

—A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
 —Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.
 —'Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθυρισμα καὶ ἀπίτυς, αἰπὸς, τὴν

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys.

Ver. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

D A M O N.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

S T R E P H O N.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

D A P H N I S.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 35, 36. *Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
 Diffusos edere vestit pallente corymbos.* Virg.

VER. 38. *The various seasons*] The subject of these Pastorals engraved on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

Et quis fuit alter,

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,

Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camœnæ:

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbor,

Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

VER. 47. *A milk-white bull*] Virg. — *Pascite taurum,*

Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,

Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;

But if I conquer and augment my fold,

Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

PASTORALS.

No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

NOTES.

VER. 46. *Granville.*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil.
Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupidante videri.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first:
Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves,
 If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
 But blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 69. &c. These verses were thus at first:

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
 Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]

Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba, &c.
 Phyllidis adventu nostra acmus omne virebit. Virg.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears, 85
 A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
 The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields : 90
 And then a noble prize I will resign ;
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for Daphnis, I decree,
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
 Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel ; 95
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well !
 Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around. 100
 For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

NOTES.

VER. 86. *A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears :*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs to which the Lily yields :*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
 Nascantur Flores, et Phyllida solus hateto.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head.

S U M M E R.

T H E

SECOND PASTORAL,

O R

A L E X I S.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thames,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition :

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

NOTES.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side : suitable
 to the heat of the season ; the time noon.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

NOTES.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*] Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri. Virg.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing.*] Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, etc.*] Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore periret? Nam ne neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. out of Theocr.

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
 Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40
 He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equall'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, &c.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

nuper me in littore vidi,
 Cum placidum ventis stare mare; non ego Daphnim,
 Judice te, meruam, si nunquam fallat imago.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, &c.* Virg. Ecl. ii.

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula, Dametas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Colin.*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song : 50
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again,
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade,
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking vapour hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade :
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise, 75
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*]

Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas—Virg.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem.

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'ful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
 But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat, 85
 The lowing herds to merm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
 Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written: But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! Virg.

VER. 88. *Ye gods, etc.*]

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus addit amori? Idem.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL,

OR HYLAS and ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sang their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love:
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plantus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose honour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms! O
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

NOTES.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the eighth of Virgil;
The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine* [Mr. Wycherley, a famous Author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit: The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctness.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores; 20
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lillies hang their heads, and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37.

Aurea duræ

Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,

Pinguia corticibus fudent electra myricæ. Virg. Ecl. viii.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain, *shaggy*
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain, *ed*
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, *and* 45
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd; 55
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat:
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 43, &c.

Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restringere rivo. Virg. Ecl. v.

VER. 52. An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt? Idem, viii.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ; 75
Just gods ! shall all things yield returns but love !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey."—
Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move ?
And is there magic but what dwells in love !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains ! 85
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but love !
I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day !
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies, yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes.]*

Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos,

VER. 89. Nunc scio quid sit Amor: deris in cotibus illum, etc.

W I N T E R.

THE
FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

T H Y R S I S, the music of that murm'ring spring

Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.

Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,

So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,

The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,

While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,

Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

T H Y R S I S.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,

Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.

NOTES.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walshe, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9. 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on "Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to "give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same "lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 3. *Thyrsis, the music, etc.*] 'Add τι, etc. Theocr. Idyl. i.

VOL. I.

C

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvan's cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore? 35
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*]

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros. Virg.

VER. 23, 24, 25.]

Inducite fontibus umbras——

Et tumultum facite, et tumulto superaddite carmen.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;
Behold the clouds have put their mourning on,

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
 Silent, or only to her name replies;
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew descends from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear;
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70.

miratur limen Olympi,

Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.

Virg.

Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

IMITATIONS.

- VER. 81. illius aram
 Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg.
 VER. 86. solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,
 Juniperi gravis umbra. Virg.
 VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*
 Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.
 Vid. etiam Sannazarii Eccl. et Spenser's Calendar.

VARIATIONS.

- VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.
 While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
 Thy honour, name, and praise shall never end.

NOTES. VER. 89, etc.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each.

Advertisement

I have reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah which foretell the coming of Christ, and the...

M E S S I A H.

...which we cannot but believe to be a true and genuine copy of the original, and which we have taken care to...

SACRED ECLOGUE,

...and the whole is in a style of simplicity and elegance, which will be found to be a true and genuine copy of the original, and which we have taken care to...

In Imitation of

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

...and descriptions of the People, and the manner of the Poet. For as Virgil has pronounced them to be the most perfect, I shall in this Eclogue attempt to imitate the style of Virgil, under the same circumstances of a literal translation.

Advertisement.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

M E S S I A H.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire! 5
 Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, etc.]*
 Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
 Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto,
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

“Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,
 “now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means
 “of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wip-
 “ed away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall go-
 “vern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.”

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. “Behold a Virgin shall conceive and
 “bear a Son.—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto
 “us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his
 “government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the
 “throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish
 “it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever.”

From a Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies: 10
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye ^b Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The ^c sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See ^e lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. See Nature hastes, etc.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocassia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fudent ænabula flores.

"For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, pro-
 duce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*, and
 "*Colocassia* with smiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle shall pour forth
 "pleasing flowers about thee."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. "The wilderness and the solitary
 "place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as
 "the rose. Ch. lx. ver. 13. "The glory of *Lebanon* shall come
 "unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to
 "beautify the place of thy sanctuary."

^a Isai. xi. ver. 1. ^b Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ^c Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
^d Ch. ix. ver. 7. ^e Ch. xxxiv. ver. 2.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert hears;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, etc.*]

Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsa lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipse jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbutta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

E. v. ver. 62.

“O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws
 nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove!
 “The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars,
 “the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a
 “God!”

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. “The voice of him that cryeth in
 “the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight
 “in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be ex-
 “alted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the
 “crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.”
 Ch. iv. ver. 23. “Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O
 “forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed
 “Israel.”

^f Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. & Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In ^h adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ⁱ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd ^k father of the future age.
 No more shall ^l nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd over,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plow share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ^m Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ⁿ deserts with surprize
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. E. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescent campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
 "grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks
 "shall distil honey like dew."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "The parched ground shall be-
 "come a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the
 "habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and

^h Ch. xiv. ver. 8. ⁱ Ch. xl. ver. 11. ^k Ch. ix. ver. 6.
^l Ch. li. ver. 4. ^m Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22. ⁿ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur'ing in his ear, 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy ° valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The P lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless 9 serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

IMITATIONS.

"ruffles." Ch. lv. ver. 13. "Instead of the thorn shall come up
 "the fir-tree, and instead of the briar, shall come up the myrtle-
 "tree."

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.* Virg. E. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet.—

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 "milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The
 "serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 6, etc. "The wolf shall dwell with the
 "lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf
 "and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child
 "shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And
 "the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the
 "weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

° Ch. xli. ver. 19, and Ch. lv. ver. 13. P Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.
 9 Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial 'Salem rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long * race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barb'rous † nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy fight, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ‡ Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising † Sun shall gild the morn, 100
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall Thine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The † seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!* The
 thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are
 wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations
 of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo!

— toto surget gens aurea mundo!

— incipiem magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo hærentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

* Ch. lx. ver. 1.

† Ch. lx. ver. 4.

‡ Ch. lx. ver. 9.

• Ch. lx. ver. 6.

¶ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

× Ch. li. ver. 6.

and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano : Te nostræ, *Vari*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet : nec Phœbo gravior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST

George Lord Lindsay





*My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains
Paints the green Forests & the flow'ry Plains.
Windsor Forest*

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

TH Y forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
 What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing?
 The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song:
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruise'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3. etc. Originally thus,

Chaste goddess of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
 Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades;
 Unlock your springs—

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6.

neget quis carmina Gallo? Virg.

Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend:
 There, wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in vaying prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,

Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,

While thro' fresh scents th' enlivening odours breathe,

Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves), 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:

NOTES.

VER. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

VER. 57, etc.

No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word *savages* is not properly applied to beasts but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:*] Translated from

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

IMITATIONS.

Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,
 an old monkish writer, I forgot who.

VER. 89. *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.* Virg.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, etc.]
 The Author thought this an error; wolves not being common in
 England at the time of the Conqueror.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds; 100
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare) 105
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

VARIATIONS.

Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds*,
 The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasure yields.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first edition:

Pleas'd, in the General's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage.

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Aëturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo)

With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves, 125

When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;

Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

Of, as in airy rings they skim the heath,

The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:

Of, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,

They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135

Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,

The patient fisher takes his silent stand,

Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,

And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed. 140

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,

The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 115. nec te tua plurima, Panthen,
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis infusa terit. Virg.

VER. 134. Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt. Virg.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves,

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound. 150
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And pawing, seems to bear the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep, 155
 Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their courser's heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying feed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
 Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

IMITATIONS.

VER. 152. *Th' impatient courser, etc.*] Translated from Statius,
 Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille
 Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

NOTES.

VER. 162. QUEEN ANNE.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone. 176
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 180
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

Nec posito variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 Vittæ coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

VER. 185. 188.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
 Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas. Ovid.

VER. 193. 196.

Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram: nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
 Crispales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train, 200
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair;
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away,
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames,
 Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear,
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

NOTES.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name.*] The River Lodden.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.

No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods: 230
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
 Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves: 236
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields:
 With chemic arts exalt the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wife and good, 250

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, etc.

VER. 235.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!

Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 I ed by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made: 270
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251, 252. Servare modum finemque tenere,
 Naturamque sequi.

Lucr.

VER. 261. O qui me gelidis, etc.

Virg.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:
 With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

NOTES.

VER. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and
 was from thence convey'd to Westminster,

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
 Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 strung
 His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? 280
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings!
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290
 Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore!
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

VER. 290. *her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;
 Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

NOTES.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry, who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore, 300
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: 305
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear, 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone) 320

VARIATIONS.

VER. 307. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'erthrown,
 And mould'ring into dust drops the proud stone.

NOTES.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here.

VER. 311. *Henry mourn,*] Henry VI.

VER. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps:]* Edward IV.

Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled?

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At length great ANNA said, — "Let Discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head. 330
His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold,
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurs'd! oh sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed!
Gods! what new wounds, etc.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.

'Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was *Peace*.

Between Verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West.

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame : 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ; 345
 The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears ;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
 The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise !
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself the sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain ;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

No more my sons shall die with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flock, or reap the bearded grain; 370
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
 The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending Villas on my side, 375
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend! 380
 There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
 The world's great oracle in times to come;
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into the floods, 386
 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day:
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole; 390
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!

NOTES.

VER. 378. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 385, etc. were originally thus:
 Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps
 His hissing axle in the Atlantic deeps:
 Tempt icy seas, etc.

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold,
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old,
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves, 410
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel: 420
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

NOTES.

VER. 398. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wish that London may be made a FREE Port.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light: 426
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 423. Quo, Musa, tendis? define pervicax.

Referre sermones Deorum et

Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Hor.

O D E
ON
ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
MDCCVIII.
AND OTHER
PIECES for MUSIC.

THE
MUSIC
OF
THE
DAY
OF
ST. CECILIA
AND
OTHER
PIECES
FOR
MUSIC

ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCLXXXIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC

O D E for M U S I C

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain:
 Let the loud trumpet found,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and flow, 10
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
 'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away, 20
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.

25

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;

Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;

30

Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,

While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.

40

Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

45

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,

50

Love, strong as Death, the Poets led,
 To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts!

55

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

60

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;

And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire.

See, shady forms advance!

65

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,

71

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of Asphodel,

75

Or Amaranthine bow'rs;

By the hero's armed shades,

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;

By the youths that dy'd for love,

Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

80

Restore, restore Eurydice to life:

Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented

To hear the Poet's prayer;

Stern Proserpine relented,

85

And gave him back the fair.

Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? 93
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Mæanders, 100
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost! 105
 Now with Furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—
 Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods, 115
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm:

Musick can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

120

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

TWO
CHORUSES

TO THE
Tragedy of BRUTUS.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:

Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!

In vain your guileless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.

5

War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born filters! source of art!

Who charm the sense or mend the heart; 10

Who lead fair Virtue's train along,

Moral truth and mystic Song!

To what new clime, what distant sky,

Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?

Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?

15

Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

* Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore; 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS and VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere,
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproveth.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress'd?
 Why Nature dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
 The Gods; and Brutus bend to love;
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire, 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
 And burn for ever one;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie, 2
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend,
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns, 35
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine: 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;
 And innocence, which most does please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

^b This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

The dying Christian to his SOUL.

O D E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life. 5

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this abhors me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death? 10

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring: 15
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O Grave! where is thy Victory?
 O Death! where is thy Sting?

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AND

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M DCC IX.

The Great Chain to his Soul

O D I

Y A S E
O V

C R I T I C I S M

Wrote in the Year 1800

The Author of the

Original Author

C. D. D.

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*Still, Bard triumphant! born in happier Days;
Immortal! Hairs of universal Praise!
Oh may some Spark of your celestial Fire
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire!*
Carver on the

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, Iels dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

An Essay] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The first [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*; the second [from thence to ver. 565.] exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the *Morals of the Critic*. When the Reader hath well considered the whole, and hath observed the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of the several parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning so conspicuous throughout, he should then be told that it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?
 Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd, }
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others*] "Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis
 "commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." *Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv.*
 "De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest."
Pliny.

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds*] "Omnes tacito quodam sensu,
 "sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta
 "et prava dijudicant. *Cic. de Orat. lib. iii.*

VER. 25. *So by false learning*] "Plus sine doctrina prudentia,
 "quam sine prudentia valet doctrina." *Quint.*

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the
 Author:

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
 Tutors, like Virtuofos, oft inclin'd
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
 Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
There are who judge still worse than he can write. 35

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last:
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:

To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit,
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit; 60
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more: 65
Each might his servile province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

76 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art:
 Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides : 75
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed : 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd :

[VER. 88. *Those rules of old, etc.*] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into art. — "Nihil est quod ad
 "artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum
 "artem instituerit vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex his rebus,
 "quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit. — Omnia fere, quæ
 "sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt,
 "at in Musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus
 "ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PRÆCEPTUM assumunt,
 "quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinaret, et ratione qua-
 "dam constringeret." *De Orat.* l. i. c. 41, 2.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it;

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100

And taught the world with reason to admire,
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more below'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid; 105
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.

So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools,
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
steer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character:

VEN. 98. *Just precepts*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum est
" ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præ-
" ciperebantur: mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt."
Quintil.

His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age;
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
 When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The Author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions :

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
 Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
 The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

VER. 130.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 130. *When first young Maro, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. vi.

Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthia aurem
 Vellit.

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs : which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line. }
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care,
Music resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach, }
And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky License answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
May boldly deviate from the common track.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] "Neque enim rogationibus
"plebivse scitis sancta sunt ista praecepta, sed hoc, quicquid est,
"Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerum-
"que; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc,
"relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur." Quintil. lib. ii.
cap. 13.

VER. 150. *Thus Pegasus, etc.*] He first describes the sublime
sight of a *Poet*, soaring above all vulgar bounds, to snatch a *grace*
directly, which lies beyond the reach of a common adventurer.
And afterwards, the *effect* of that *grace* upon the *true Critic*: whom
it penetrates with an equal rapidity; going the nearest way to his
heart, without passing through his *Judgment*. By which is not
meant that it could not stand the test of *Judgment*; but that, as it
was a beauty uncommon, and *above rule*, and the *Judgment* habitu-
ated to determine only *by rule*, it makes its direct application to the
heart; which once gained, soon opens and enlarges the *Judgment*,
whose concurrence (it being now set above forms) is easily procured.
That this is the *Poet's* sublime conception appears from the con-
cluding words:

and all its end at once attains.

For Poetry doth not attain all its end, till it hath gained the *Judg-*
ment as well as *Heart*.

155

165

18a

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.* "Modeste,
" et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne
" (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si
" necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus
" placere, quam multa displicere maluerim." Quint.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 186
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200
 Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needless Pride!
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:

VER. 183. *Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-involving age.*] The Poet
 here alludes to the four great causes of the ravage amongst ancient
 writings: The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libra-
 ries by fire; the fiercer rage of Zoilus and Mevius and their fol-
 lowers against Wit; the irruption of the Barbarians into the em-
 pire; and the long reign of Ignorance and Superstition in the
 cloisters,

32 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away.
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing! 215
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first fight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
 A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:

VER. 233. *A perfect judge, etc.*] "Diligenter legendum est ac
 pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutan-
 da sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex integro resumendus."
 Quint.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

Survey the **WHOLE**, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit: 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.

VER. 235. *Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;*]

The second line, in apologizing for those faults which the first says should be overlooked, gives the reason of the precept. For when a writer's attention is fixed on a general View of Nature, and his imagination warmed with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be but that there must be small irregularities in the disposition both of matter and style, because the avoiding these requires a coolness of recollection, which a writer so busied is not master of.

84 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part :
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
 Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ; 270
 Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice :
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot. 275
 The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 " What ! leave the combat out ? " exclaims the Knight.
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite. 280
 " Not so by heav'n, (he answers in a rage)
 " Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
 " Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
 Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice.*] In these
 two lines the Poet finely describes the way in which bad writers
 are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true *Judgment*
 generally draws men out of popular opinions, so he who cannot
 get from the croud by the assistance of this guide, willingly follows
Caprice, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again,
 true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its
 use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory. But *Curiosity*
 consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and
 which, for its uselessness, the world least regards. Lastly, *Exact-
 ness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmo-
 ny in the whole : but he who has not extent of capacity for the ex-
 ercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety*, which is a
 busying one's self about points and syllables.

From short ideas ; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Cæcæ* alone their taste confine,

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ; 290

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295

And hide with ornaments their want of art,

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defin'd *Wit* to consist "in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together, with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." But that great Philosopher, in separating *Wit* from *Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of *Wit* in general : In which false *Wit*, though not every species of it, is included. A *striking Image* therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke observes, certainly *Wit* : But this *image* may strike on several other accounts, as well for its *truth* and *beauty* ; and the Philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit*, which is the ornament of true Poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it *dresses that Nature to advantage*, and presents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the poet subjoins this admirable Test, *viz.* When we perceive that it *gives us back the image of our mind*. When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us : For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment* ; and whenever *Wit* corresponds with *Judgment*, we may safely pronounce it to be *true*.

"Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur : id facillime accipiunt
"animi quod agnoscunt." Quintil. lib, viii. c. 3.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun, 315 }
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
Is like a clown in regal purple dress:

For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense; 325

VER. 311. *False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, etc.*] This simile is beautiful. For the false colouring, given to objects by the prismatic glass, is owing to its untwisting, by its obliquities; those threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to spread over its work an ingenious and simple candour, that should not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *false Eloquence* is nothing else but the straining and divaricating the parts of *true expression*; and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term *colours*; in lieu of that candid light, now lost, which was reflected from them in their natural state while sincere and entire.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] "Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentia; cujusdam est, et frivolæ in parvis jactantia." Quint. lib. i. c. 6.

"Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; 330
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandfires in their doublets dress.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
Alike fantastic, if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd 335
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ; 345
While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :

" neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique
" ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est
" perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut no-
" vorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova."
Idem.

VER. 328. — *unlucky at Fungosa, etc.*] See Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*]

VER. 337. *But most by numbers, etc.*]

Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
Effundat junctura unguis: Scit tendere versum
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno. Perf. Sat. i.

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] " Fugiemus crebras vocalium
" concurfiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt."
Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quint. lib. ix. c. 4.

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
 In the next line it "whispers thro' the trees:"
 If chrystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join,
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 365
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, etc.*

Tum si læta canunt, etc. Vida Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, etc.*

Tum longe sese laxa sonant, etc. Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, etc.*

Atque ideo si quid geritas molimine magno, etc.

Vida ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, etc.*

At mora s. fuerit damno, propterea inhebo, etc.

Vida ib. 429.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise ! 375
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature sound, 380
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound !
The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense ;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ; 390
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we thro' mists desery,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize ; 395
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, etc.] See Alexander's Feast
or the Power of Music ; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.*

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality. 415

A constant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney-sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being singular; 425
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night; 430
But always think the last opinion right.

A Muse by thee is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our father's fools; so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Once School-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ; 440
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn ?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus ;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past ; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladed Shakespear's age,
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Actostic lays ;
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore ;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore !
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit ;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true :
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own,
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend :
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes,
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new word leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away !
 Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings, 495

In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ ? 500
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If Wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe !
 Of old, those met rewards, who could excell, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well :
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise !
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the man be lost.

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine. 525

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;

Vex. 526. But if in noble minds some dregs remain, etc.] But if the four critical humour must needs have vent, he points to its right objects, and shews how it may be usefully and innocently di-

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
 When love was all an easy Monarch's care; 536
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The Fair sat panting at a Courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 545
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Left God himself should seem too absolute:

verted. This is very observable; for our author makes spleen and disdain the characteristic of the *false Critic*, and yet here supposes them inherent in the *true*. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of Nature. For as bitterness and acerbity in unripe fruits of the best kind are the foundation and capacity of that high spirit, race, and flavour which we find in them, when perfectly concocted by the warmth and influence of the Sun, and which, without those qualities, would often gain no more by that influence than only a *mellow insipidity*: so spleen and disdain in the true Critic, improved by long study and experience, ripen into an exactness of Judgment, and an elegance of Taste: But, lying in the false Critic remote from the influence of good letters, continue in all their first offensive harshness and astringency.

VER. 547. The Author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever.

Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These Monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage! 555
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know. 561
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575
 Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull!
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain:
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can fail so long as they can write?
 Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep, 600
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
 Such shameless Bards we have: and yet 'tis true, 610
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head.

VER. 586. *And stares, tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken
 of himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who,
 upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay, and its author,
 in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of
 him in ver. 270. he took it as a compliment, and said it was trea-
 cherously meant to cause him to overlook this Abuse of his Person,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dunfee's Tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such sons is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard;
 Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, relentless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe.

VER. 619. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, etc.*] He answers, That he was to be found in the happier ages of Greece and Rome; in the persons of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, *Dionysius* and *Petronius*, *Quintilian*

VARIATIONS.

VER. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly;
 These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
 To treat of Unities of time and place.

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?
 Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore, 645
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.

and *Longinus*. Whose characters he has not only exactly drawn, but contrasted them with a peculiar elegance; the profound science and logical method of *Aristotle* being oppos'd to the plain common sense of *Horace*, convey'd in a natural and familiar negligence; the study and refinement of *Dionysius*, to the gay and courtly ease of *Petronius*; and the gravity and minuteness of *Quintilian*, to the vivacity and general topics of *Longinus*. Nor has the Poet been less careful, in these examples, to point out their eminence in the several critical Virtues he so carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus, in *Horace*, he particularizes his Candour; in *Petronius*, his Good-Breeding; in *Quintilian*, his free and copious Instruction; and in *Longinus*, his great and noble Spirit.—By this question and answer, we see, he does not encourage us to search for the true Critic amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious business. I will venture no farther, than to name the piece of Criticism in which these marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejusd. Ep. ad Aug. with an English Commentary and Notes.*

VER. 642. with REASON on his side? Not only on his side, but actually exercised in the service of his profession. That Critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he has found out the excellencies of his author, contents himself in offering them to the world, with only empty exclamations on their beauties. His office is to explain the nature of those beauties, shew from whence they arise, and what effects they produce; or, in the better and fuller expression of the Poet,

To teach the world with reason to admire.

Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:

VER. 652. *Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.*
By this is not meant *physical* Nature, but *moral*. The force of the observation consists in our understanding it in this sense. For the Poet not only uses the word *Nature* for *human nature*, throughout this poem; but also where, in the beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticism* and *Poetry*. Nor is the observation less true than apposite. For, *Aristotle's* natural enquiries were superficial and ill-made, though extensive: But his *logical* and *moral* works are incomparable. In these he has unfolded the human mind, and laid open all the recesses of heart and understanding; and by his *Categories* not only conquered *Nature*, but kept her in tenfold chains: Not as *Dulness* kept the *Muses*, in the *Dunciad*, to silence them; but as *Aristotle* held *Proteus* in *Virgil*, to deliver Oracles.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649, I found the following lines, since suppressed by the Author.

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far:
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, etc.

100 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
 See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please.
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
 In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd; 670
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.
 Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680
 Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom, 685
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome,
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good; 690

VER. 665. See Dionysius] Of Halicarnassus.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the Author omitted these two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but Saints had license to be proud.

A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrents of a barb'rous age, 698
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head, 700
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphaël painted, and a Vida sung,
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow 705
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd; 710
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the founder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

VAN 723. Such was the Muse!—*Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of
Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood; 726
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit but his own;
 Such late was Waller—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew: 740
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

complimented this *Essay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his Translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth, in the first edition of his *Dispensary*, says,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbyes.
 Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This Nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

The Muse's friend,
 Himself a Muse. In Sanadria's debate
 True to his Prince, but not a slave of state. Abs. and Achit.
 Our Author was more happy, he was honour'd very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of familiar esteem.

THE

A N

my design, for the Machinery was entirely winning to

[illegible]

and sit in our respect like many modern radicals. In action be never so trivial in itself, they always make

of appeal of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Holographic doctrine of Spirits.

know how disagreeable it is to make use of hand
words before a lady; but to march the distance of
a foot perhaps, the words understood, and particularly
by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain
two or three difficult terms.

When I returned home, I found that I had brought you a
 gift. The gift is a book. The name of the book is "The
 Book of the Dead". The book is a book of the dead.

Since wife & daughter, the more I should have paid
 them money for work on the table stand;
 To have had a table stand like the one I
 had on my mother's work for a long
 while last was made - the table's body and friend
 who just now to come of an accident,
 To fill a table, but without the table.

3 U-1

APPE of the LOCK.

The first of these is the fact that the
 W. A.

HEROI-COMICAL

M E O

Witnessed in the year 1900 at New York City

[illegible]

in its title and line, is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. Accord-

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

I will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicated it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Daemons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms:

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both

in its title and size, is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits which they call *Sylphs*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. The Gnomes, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.





*This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And midst the Stars inscribe Belinda's Name.
Rape of the Lock*

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.* MARY.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

^a It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Canto I. ver. 19. etc.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

108 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And open'd those eyes that most eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound,
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20

VARIATIONS.

V. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,
And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then;
And lodge such daring souls in little men?

V. 13. etc. Stood thus in the first edition,
Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,
And open'd those eyes which brighter shone than day;
Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

NOTES.

V. 19. *Belinda still, &c.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

V. 20. *Her guardian-Sylph*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give this Poem its present form, he was obliged to find it with its Machinery. For as the subject of the Epic Poem consists of two parts, the *metaphysical* and the *civil*, so this mock-epic, which is of the satiric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous imitation of the other's pomp and solemnity, was to have the same division of the subject. And, as the *civil* part is intentionally debased by the choice of an insignificant action; so should the *metaphysical*, by the use of some very extravagant system. A rule which, though neither Boileau nor Garth have been careful enough

'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a birth night bean,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.
 Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;

to attend to, our Author's good sense would not suffer him to overlook. And that sort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was only fit for his use, his admirable invention supplied. There was but one system in all nature which was to his purpose, the *Resuscitant Philosophy*; and this, by the well-directed effort of his imagination, he presently seized upon. The fanatic Alchemists, in their search after the great secret, had invented a *means* altogether proportioned to their *end*. It was a kind of Theological Philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala; a composition enough to fright reason from human commerce. This general system, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract, called *Le Comte de Gabalis*. This book is written in dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingenious piece of railery of the Abbé Villiers, upon that invisible sect, of which the stories that went about at that time made a great deal of noise at Paris. But as, in this satirical Dialogue, Mr. P. found several whimsies, of a very high mysterious kind, told of the nature of these elementary beings, which were very unfit to come into the machinery of such a sort of poem, he has with great judgment omitted them: and in their stead, made use of the Legendary stories of Guardian Angels, and the Nursery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the rest of the *Resuscitant System*. And to this, (unless we will be so uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needless scandal) we must suppose he referred, in these two lines.

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught.

Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that, as in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery; so, in his mock-epic, the Machinery should be contrived to dismount philosophic pride and arrogance.

110 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! they own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky:
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing.
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now, your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.

VER. 47. *As now your own, etc.*] He here forsakes the Roscrusian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology of the continuance of the passions in another state, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been purged and purified by philosophy, which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55.

Quæ gratia currum
 A morumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 P. scire equos, eadem sequitur tel ure repositos. Virg. *Æn.* vi.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK 111

For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire :
The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea,
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease,
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please, 70
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd ;
Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.

VER. 68. is by *some Sylph embrac'd* :] Here again the Author resumes a tenet peculiar to the Rosicrucian system. But the principle, on which it is founded, was by no means fit to be employed in such a sort of poem.

112 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart; 100
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive:
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all:

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend; 110
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where::
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

VER. 108. *In the clear Mirror*] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, etc.

VER. 113. *This to disclose, etc.*] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 113

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
long, 115
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mytic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestesses, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

seal of secrecy. Is is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation, that is to say, her *Dreams*.

The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

[Yas. 1345. *The busy Sylphs, etc.*] Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2.

THE RAPP OF THE LOCK.
T H E
R A P E of the LOCK.

C A N T O II.

NO T with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dress'd Youths, around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Of the rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom*] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;
all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

116 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves. 40
With tender billet doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r, 45
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soft'ned sounds along the waters die; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. *Æn.* xi.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 117

He summons strait his Denizens of air; 55

The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:

Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,

That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.

Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,

Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,

Dip'd in the richest tincture of the skies, 65

Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,

Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle on the gilded mast,

Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70

His purple pinions opening to the sun,

He rais'd his azure wand, and thus began.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,

Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75

By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,

And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,

Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,

Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,

Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85

Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,

Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:

118 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrap'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law; 105
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair: 111
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat;
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, etc.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a *trifle*, taken *seriously*; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 119

Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 122
Be stop'd in viols, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With finging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,
In various talk the cheerful hours they pass,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease:
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank he bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care: 45
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus:

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

122 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride: 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 123

With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habits, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (on shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence the first edition continues to ver. 134.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Nescia mens hominum facti fortisque futurae,
Et servare modum, robur sublatâ secundis
Tumpe tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit,

Virg.

124 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smocking tide: 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd, 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's fate !*] Vide Ovid. Metam. viii.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the first edition it was thus :

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
 First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide
 T' inclose the Lock ; then joins it to divide :
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever,
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever.

Ver, 134.

All that is between was added afterwards.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 125

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twich'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
 The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
 Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes, 155
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160
 Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!

VER. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. iv. of Satan cut
 asunder by the angel Michael.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163. 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscia amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

Virg.

126 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and fix the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And new triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time
 by a woman: full of Court and Party-scandals, and in a loose ef-
 feminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched
 taste of the better Vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177.

Ille quoque everfus mons est, etc.

Quid faciant trines, cum ferro talia cedant?

Catull. de com. Berenices.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive Nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantean's pinn'd away,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a daisy, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. At regina gravi, etc.

Virg. Æn. iv.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *For, that sad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these:

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

and continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

128 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons, 30
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
 Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

VER. 41. *Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.*] The Poet, by
 this comparison, would insinuate, that the temptations of the
 mortified recluses in the church of Rome, and the extatic visions of
 their female saints, were as much the effects of hypochondriac
 disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the
Vapours, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of af-
 terwards.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
 Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the Pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costly lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod Walks;*] See Hom. Iliad. xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *And there a goose-pye talks;*] Alludes to a real fact; a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition.

130 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day;

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal fire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd, 95
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded wretch,
And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 131

How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rhye, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
 Sooner shall glass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Row?
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
 " devil?

" Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
 " civil!

" Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
 " Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 134
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain,
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.

IMITATIONS.
 VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in
 Homer, B. II. In allusion to the oath of the two ladies
 in the poem of the Rape of the Lock. The poem was
 written without the assistance of any model.
 end of the Canon.

132 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;

On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.

Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;

Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;

The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:

VER. 141, 142. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.*

These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the Canto,

D33

170

175

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach affails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave-Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why Angels call'd and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away; 20
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a Parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 135

To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or incurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
 And truft me, Dear! good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin the attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and rough whalebones crack;
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapon in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
 So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech;

So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem.

136 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound : 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight :
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

"O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before-mentioned.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors, in *Odyss.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

VER. 64. "*Those eyes are made so killing*"] The words of a song in the Opera of *Camilla*.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abiectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

Ov. Ep.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Mens wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vide Homer, Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the above reason.

VER. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii.

138 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nor think, to die defects my lofty mind :
 All that I dread is leaving you behind ! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock ! she cries ; and all around
 Restore the Lock ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain,
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain : 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There Heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
 And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases :
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound.
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view) 126
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

VER. 114. *Since all things lost.*] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxxiv,

VER. 128.

Flammiferumque trahens spatiofo limite crinem
 Stella micat.

Ovid,

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 139

Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye, 145
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem.

E L E G Y

To the memory of an
UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprang from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pri'sners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

^a See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. quarto edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herbes shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long sun'rals blacken all the way) 40
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield;
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier: 50
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!

What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour; perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful, rest without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle bus'ness at once gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY

OF

CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20

144 PROLOGUE TO CATO.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercastr;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone should win a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

T O

Mr. ROWE's JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
 From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sifter sinner you shall hear,
 “ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear !” 10
 But let me die, all raillery apart,
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice, 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Gilds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

146 EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE,

Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners ?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
He has a Husband that will make amends :

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse : 30

Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life ?

Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife :

Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35

But, pray, which of you all would take her back ?

Tho' with the Stoic Chief our Stage may ring,

The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,

And lov'd his country—but what's that to you ? 40

Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,

But the kind cuckold might instruct the City ;

There many an honest man may copy Cato,

Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace 45

That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face ;

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,

In all the rest so impudently good ;

Faith let the modest Matrons of the town

Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down. 50

S A P P H O

S A P P H O

TO

P H A O N.

E

H:

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

SA Y, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
 The lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are born. 10
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosae littera dextrae,
 Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
 An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphus,
 Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
 Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras 5
 Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
 Flendus amor meus est: elegeia flebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lachrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoidos Ætnae,
 Me calor Ætnaeo non minor igne coquit.

No more my soul a charm in music finds,
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
 Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise;
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Then ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee. 30

Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ, 15
 Nec me Lesbiadum caetera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, et ante, meis;
 Atque aliae centum, quas non sine crimine amavi:
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes. 20
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
 O facies oculis infidiosa meis!
 Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
 Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris. 25
 Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;
 Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos. 30

250 SAPPHO TO PHAON.

The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcaeus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
 Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!

At mihi Pegafides blandissima carmina dictant;
 Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
 Nec plus Alcaeus, consors patriaeque lyraeque,
 Laudia habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
 Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
 Ingenio formae damna repetendo meae.
 Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
 Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
 Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo
 Andromede, patriae fusca colore suae:
 Et variis albae junguntur saepe columbae,
 Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
 Si, nisi quae facie peterit te digna videri,
 Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
 At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms your center'd all your joy : 50
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh! how vast a memory has love?
 My Music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 'Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods! a Lesbian dame?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.

Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)

Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 50

Haec quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,

Sed tum praecipue, cum sit amoris opus.

Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60

Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;

Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,

Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.

Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae;

Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.

At vos erronem tellure remitteite nostrum,

Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.

Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae: 65

Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains! 70
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,

Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
 (Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuae.

An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem? 70

Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?

Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis

Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.

Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;

Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.

Factus inops agili peragit freta coerula remo: 75

Quasque male amisit, nunc male quaerit opes:

Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.

Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.

Et tanquam desint, quae me sine fine fatigent,

Accumulat curas filia parva meas.

Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis:

Non agitur vento nostra carina suo. 80

Ecce jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;

Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.

Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love : 90
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.

Veste tegor vili : nullum est in crinibus aurum :

Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.

Cui colar infelix ? aut cui placuisse laborem ?

Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis ;

Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90

Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,

Et data sunt vitae fila severa meae ;

Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistrae,

Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.

Quid mirum, si me primae lanuginis aetas 95

Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest ?

Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam :

Et faceres ; sed te prima rapina tenet.

Hunc si conspiciat, quae conspicit omnia, Phoebe ;

Iussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 100

Hunc Venus in coelum curru vexisset eburno ;

Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.

O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy !
 O useful time for lovers to employ !
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
 The vows you never will return, receive ;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !
 The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
 Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said ;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid !
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live. 120

O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer ! utilis aetas !
 O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui !
 Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros : 105
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas,
 Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis :
 Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isles, 110
 Et modo dixisses : Lesbi puella, vale.
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti ;
 Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria : nec tu,
 Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes,
 Non mandata dedi ; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120

Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound; 130
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again,
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.

Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,

Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
 Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiant tua gaudia, dixit:

Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui:
 Et lacrymae deerant oculis, et lingua palato;

Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat:
 Postquam se dolor invenit, nec pectora plangi,

Nec puduit scissis exululare comis;
 Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti.

Portet ad extractos corpus inane rogos.
 Gaudet et e nostro crescit moerore Charaxus 135

Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
 Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;

Quid dolet haec? certe filia vivit, ait.
 H 6

Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim ;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame !
 'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night :
 Oh night, more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms !
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine : 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take :
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,

Non veniant in idem pudor atque amor : omne videbat
 Vulgus ; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140
 Tu mihi cura, Phaon ; te somnia nostra reducant ;
 Somnia formosa candidiora die.
 Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis ; 145
 Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
 Saepe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
 Saepe tuae videor supposuisse meos. 150
 Blandior interdum ; verisque simillima verba
 Eloquor ; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
 Oscula cognosco ; quae tu committere linguae,
 Aptaque consuêras accipere, apta dare.
 Ulteriora pudet narrare ; sed omnia fiunt,
 Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
 At cum se Titan ostendis, et omnia secum ; 155
 Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.

As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Flury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
 For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return:

Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
 sint. 160

Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.

Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
 Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.

Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,

Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.

Invenio sylvam, quae saepe cubilia nobis 166

Praebuit, et multa texit opaca coma.

At non invenio dominum sylvaeque, menisque.

Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.

Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170

De nostro curvam pondere gramen erat.

Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;

Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.

Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175

All but the mournful Philomel and I:

With mournful Philomel I join my strain,

Of Terens she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,

Clear as a glass, the shining sands below; 180

A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,

Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;

Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,

Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185

Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin flood:

She flood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!"

"Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.

"There stands a rock, from whose impending steep

"Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep; 190

"There injur'd lovers leaping from above,

"Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.

Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur

Frondeb; et nullae dulce queruntur ayes.

Sola virum non ulta pie moestissima mater 175

Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.

Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:

Haec lenus, ut media caetera nocte silent.

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180

Fons facer; hunc multi numen habere putant.

Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,

Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.

Hic ego cum lassos posuisssem fletibus artus, 185

Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.

Constitit, ex dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus aquis

"Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi;

"Phoebus ab excelfo, quantum patet, aspicit aquor;

"Aetiaecum populi Leucadiumque vocant;

" Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main, 195
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200
 I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
 I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below.
 And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood prophane!

" Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhae succensus amore
 " Misit, et illaeso corpore pressit aquas. 195
 " Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhae
 " Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
 " Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
 " Leucada; nec saxo desiluisse time."
 Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo: 200
 Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genae.
 Ibimus, O Nymphae, monstrataque saxa petemus.
 Sit procul infano victus amore timor.
 Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.
 Et mea non magnum copora pondus habent.
 Tu quoque molli's Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:
 Ne sim Lucadiae mortua crimen aquae.

On Phoebus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow, 212
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.

" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
" Sappho to Phoebus consecrates her Lyre; 215
" What suits with Sappho, Phoebus, suits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be, 220
And Phoebus self is less a God to me.
Ah! can'st thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd? 225
This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.

Inde chelyn Phoebæ communia munera ponam:

Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.

" Grata lyram posui tibi, Phoebe, poetria Sappho:

" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."

Cur tamen Asiaticas miseram me mittis ad oras,

Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda: 220

Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.

An potes, ô scopulis undaque ferocior illa,

Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,

Quam poterant saxi praecipitanda dari! 225

Haec sunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare solebas;

Visaeque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;

Ingeniumque meis substituit omne malis.

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe,
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
 No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign, 236
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
 Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
 Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
 The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245
 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?

Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires. 230
 Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.
 Lesbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
 Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;
 Lesbides, infamem quae me fecistis amatae;
 Definite ad citharas turba venire meas.
 Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 235
 (Me miseram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
 Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.
 Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240
 Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
 An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
 Qui mea verba ferunt, vellum tua vela referrent.
 Hoc te, si sciperes, lente, decebat opus.

If you return—ah why these long delays?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love!

Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur
 Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?
 Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare praeſtat eunti.
 Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
 Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
 Ipſe dabit tenera vela ſegetque manu.
 Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelasgida Sappho;
 (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255
 [O ſaltem miſerae, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
 Ut mihi Leucadiae ſata petantur aquae.]

A R G U M E N T

E L O I S A

A. L. AND E. L. were two of the most distinguished
 persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for
 holding more than for their noble and pure
 After a long course of studies, they retired each to
 a private house, and continued the remainder of
 their days to religion. It was many years after this
 that a letter of A. L. was sent to E. L. which
 contained the history of his mind, and in the
 hands of E. L. This awakening all her tender
 occasioned most refreshing tears (one of which the
 following is partly extracted) which gave to her a
 picture of the struggle of grace and nature, virtue and
 passion.

A B E L A R D.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abeldard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.





Ah! wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.

Pl. 10. Pl.

E L O I S A

A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and silent cells,
Where heav'n my passive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this anguish in a woman's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—Eugene shallard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the same.
Dear fatal name! rest ever on my lips,
Nor pass these lips in holy fibres seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idol lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it oft, my tears!
In vain loth Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy hands have worn,
Ye grotts and caverns stagg'd with horrid thorns!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!

Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Grievs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45
 Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
 Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
 Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
 The jealous God, when we prophane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.

NOTES.

VER. 66. *And truths divine, etc.*] He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 75.

Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie:
 When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
 Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.

Chaucer.

Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
 O! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:
 All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aching in the breast: 94
 Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm with springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
 Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
 Her poynard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou can'st—and let me dream the rest.

Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140

In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.

But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150

NOTES.

VER. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monastery.

But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd, 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170
 Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man,
 Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

ELOISA TO ABEELARD. 171

I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence;
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget? 200
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams,
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,

For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymeneals sing, 220
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking Demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe.
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.

Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow,
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. 260
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear, 270
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul: 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 286

Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290

Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!) 295
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!

O Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!

Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality! 300

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310

"Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, tho' now a faintest maid:

"But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,

"Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear; 315
"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smoothe my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 335
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd, 339
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350

NOTES.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloïse were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, she in 1163,

Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
" O may we never love as these have lov'd !"
From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie.
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost; 365
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth, for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in *Miscellanies* by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which follow, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE
Advertisement

TEMPLE
OF
FAME.

Written in the Year M DCC.XI.

Advertisement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.





*Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage
And boasting Youth, and narrative Old-age.*

Temple of Fame

THE TEMPLE

F A M E.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs,
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn's ystherious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rols,
 And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
 I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes:

NOTES.

VER. 1. *In that soft season, etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencal Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trinss* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower*, and the *Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium.

IMITATIONS.

VER. II, etc.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
 Now hills, and now mountains,

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen 15
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
 There trees and intermingled temples rise;
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmur on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
 Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;

IMITATIONS.

Now valleys, and now forests,
 And now unnumber'd great becks,
 Now rivers, now cities,
 Now towns, now great trees,
 Now shippes sailing in the seas.

V. 27. *High on a rock of ice, etc.* [Chaucer's third book of *Rime*.

It stood upon so high a rock,
 Higher standeth none in Spayne—
 What manner stone, this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glas,
 But that it shone full more clere;
 But of what congeled matere
 It was, I nyste redily;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ise, and not of stele.

V. 33. *Inscriptions here, etc.*
 Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by Envy than excess of Praise:
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
 Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

IMITATIONS.

With famous folkes names sele,
 That had been in much wele;
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Their names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woxe her fame;
 But men said, what may ever last?

VER. 41. Nor was the work impair'd, etc.]

Tho gan I in myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heats,
 And not away with stormes beate.

VER. 45. Yet part no injuries, etc.]

For on that other side I sey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames,
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As fresh as men had written hem there.
 The self day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure:

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years,
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babelon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace!
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.

IMITATIONS.

But well I write what it made;
 It was conserved with the shade
 (All the writing that I see)
 Of the castle that stood on high,
 And stood eke in so cold a place,
 That heat might it not deface.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.* The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: The Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are aforementioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts.

Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
 There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame, 95
 And the great founder of the Persian name:

NOTES.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese.

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name:]* Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We

There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
 The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbod'y'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120

NOTES.

have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago.

VER. 110. *Egypt's Priests, etc.*] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest Hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is said to have caused the Kings he vanquished to draw him in his Chariot. The posture of his statue in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*] The

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood, 125
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:

NOTES.

Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, etc.*] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 132. *The wall in lustre, etc.*]

It shone lighter than a glass,

And made well more than it was,

As kind of thing Fame is,

Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd : 140
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His feet on scepters and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought : 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ; 164

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;*] Alexander the Great : the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes : his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins ; which was continued by several of his successors.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians ; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

And wise Aurelius, in whose well taught-mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:

He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names: 175

Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

NOTES.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]

From the dees many a pillere,
 Of metal that shone not full elere, etc.
 Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sect Saturnine,
 The Ebraicke Josephus the old, etc.

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 184
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195
 A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

IMITATIONS.

Upon an iron pillere strong,
 That painted was all endlong,
 With tigers' blood in every place,
 The Tholosan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, etc.

VIZ. 182.]

Full wonder hye on a pillere
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, etc.

VIZ. 196, etc.]

There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron cleere,
 The Latin Poet Virgyle,
 That hath bore up of a great while
 The fame of, pius Æneas:

And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide
 The great God of Love's fame—

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art:
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars; and haughty Turnus dead; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;

NOTES.

VER. 210. *Four swans, etc.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

IMITATIONS.

Tho saw I on a pillere by
 Of iron wrought fully stercly,
 The great Poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.
 And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphure, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, etc.

The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental bras.

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.

The Doves, that round the infant Poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse—The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.*] This expresses the mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritus Graiæ tenuem camænæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

*Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altrici extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et urfis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine Dis animosus infans.*

Which may be thus englished ;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
And in a desert sleeping lay ;
The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muses' future bard ;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Music and to Love.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 State fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various Animals his sides surround; 235
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies: 245
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid em'ralsds there revive the eye, 250
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, etc.]*

Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seem'd be;
 But thus soone in a while she,

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler Vistas open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long ilea extend. 265
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string:
 With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days. 275
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,

IMITATIONS.

Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth reight,
 And with her head she touch'd heaven—

VER. 270. *Beneath in order rang'd, etc.]*

I heard about her throne y-sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped its Calliope,
 And her seven sisters eke—

VER. 276. *Around these wonders, etc.]*

I heard a noise approachen blive,
 That far'd as bees don'd in a hive,
 Against her time of out flying,
 Right such a manere murmuring,
 For all the world it seemed me,
 Tho gan I look about and see
 That there came ent'ring into h' hall,
 A right great company withal;
 And that of sundry regions,
 Of all kind of conditions, etc.—

And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the croud'd hall;
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd; 281
 Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
 With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind; 301
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

IMITATIONS.

VER. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.*]

And some of them she granted song,
 And some she warn'd well and fair,
 And some she granted the contrair—
 Right as her sister dame Fortune
 Is wont to serve in commune.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise :
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ; 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread ; 315
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd : 325

IMITATIONS.

VER. 318. *the good and just, etc.*]

Tho came the third companye,
 And gan up to the dees to hye,
 And down on knees they fell anone,
 And saiden : We been everichone
 Folke that han full truely
 Deserved Fame right-fully,
 And prayen you it might be knowe
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 That your good works shall be wist.
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses.—

Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise,
 This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
 But straight the direful Trump of Slander sounds;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 335
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
 For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life: 345
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328, 338. *behold another croud, etc.—*

From the black trumpet's rusty, etc.]

Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye
 Of good folke—
 What did this Eolus, but he
 Took out his trump of bras,
 That fouler than the devil was:
 And gan his trump for to blowe,
 As all the world should overthrowe.
 Throughout every region
 Went this foul trumpet's sounne,
 Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
 When fire is in the powder runne.
 And such a smoke gan out wende,
 Out of the foul trumpet's ende—etc.

Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 351
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.]*

I saw anone the fifth route,
 That to this lady gan route,
 And downe on knees anone to fall,
 And to her they besoughten all,
 To hidden their good works eke.
 And said, they yeve not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne;
 For they for contemplacyoune,
 And Goddes love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.

What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame?
 Have ye despite to have my name?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone:
 Blowe thy trump, and that anone
 (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folkes works by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare;
 And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounne,
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue e'en for virtue sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean from heav'n to hear:
 To furthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry:
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days:
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing art
 To pay due visits, and address the fair:
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid:
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 378. *Next these a youthful train, etc.*] The reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the sixth companye,
 And gan fast to Fame cry, etc.

being too prolix to be here inserted.

The joy let others have, and we the name, 350
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request: 395

What you, (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,

Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?

To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.

Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,

Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the croud. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;

Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix, 410
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;

Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known,

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415

At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
throne.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, etc.*

Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, etc.

VER. 418. *This having heard and seen, etc.* The Scene here

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;

IMITATIONS.

changes from the Temple of Fame, to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho' saw I stonde in a valey,
 Under the castle fast by
 A house, that Domus Dedali
 That Labyrinthus cleped is,
 Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
 Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
 And evermo as swift as thought,
 This queint house about went,
 That never more it still stent—
 And eke this house bath of entrees,
 As many as leaves are on trees
 In Summer, when they ben grene;
 And in the roof yet men may sene
 A thousand hoels and well mo
 To letten the sounne out-go;
 And by day in every tide
 Ben all the doors open wide,
 And by night each one unshet;
 No porter is there one to let,
 No manner tydings in to pace:
 Ne never rest is in that place.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the, etc.*] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,

Geffray, thou wottest well this, etc.

Hither as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here, 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of Fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455

IMITATIONS.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.*]

Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of heale, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good, or bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance; and glide away; 460
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands:
With home born lies, or tales from foreign lands; 465
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new, 470
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.*

But such a grete congregation
Of folke as I saw roame about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be est—

And every wight that I saw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
That is betide to night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?

And then he told him this and that, etc.

— Thus north and south

Went every tidings fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a sparkle sprung amiss,
Till all the citise brent up is.

So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below,
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon ; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way ; 490
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye ;
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :

NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I stood, etc.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the Addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only answers " he came to see the place ;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one passage, etc.*]

And sometime I saw there at once,
 A lesing and a sad sooth saw
 That gonnen at adventure draw
 Out of a window forth to pace—
 And no man, be'he ever so wrothe,
 Shall have one of these two, but bothe, etc.

What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath, 505
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)

The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price 515
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:

Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame; 520

Then, teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

January and May:

OR THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM

C H A U C E R.

January and May:

OF THE

MERCHANTS' TALE.

FROM

C. H. A. U. C. E. R.





Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,
What could alas! a helpless Husband do.

Jan. & Mar.

J A N U A R Y

M A Y.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
 In days of old, a wife and worthy Knight;
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
 For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
 Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
 He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
 Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
 Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
 But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
 And try the pleasures of a lawful bed:
 This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
 And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r;
 Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
 Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
 (For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
 Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:

NOTES.

JANUARY AND MAY. This Translation was done at sixteen
 or seventeen years of Age.

But depth of judgment most in him appears,
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
 Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
 Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join :
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,
 To hope the future, or esteem the past :
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please ;
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
 But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare ?
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
 With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
 A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wise these stand'rous words regard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50
 All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away ;
 One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
 Abundantly supplies us all our life :

This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can with—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possest,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he 65
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son: 70
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hast'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell; 90

But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
 But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
 And many heads are wiser still than one;
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,
 To guide your choice; this wife must not be old: 100
 There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
 No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
 Those are too wise for batchelors to wed;
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade: 110
 But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:
 Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
 Then should I live in leud adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed; 120
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.
 Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:

Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130

Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135

Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either side: 140
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years! 150
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your old advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.

Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,

Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.

Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
 (Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
 Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
 To those of gen'rous principles, and just.

The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
 To give your person, than your goods away:
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
 First learn your lady's qualities at least: 185

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.

'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all this world, much less in womankind;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind fates, and thank your fortune rare.

Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend; 195
 And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.

Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200

And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
 Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
 But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205

Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
 But at these years, to venture on the fair;
 By him who made the ocean, earth and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.

And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end. 215

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
 Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
 We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
 To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
 He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:— 220
 What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
 To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council rose, without delay;
 Each, in his own opinion, went his way; 225
 With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
 The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
 The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
 Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possesse, 230
 And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;
 While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
 And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
 Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the figures moving by; 235
 Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
 The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
 This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
 But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
 That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest; 240
 And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
 Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind: 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice, 250
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed: 255
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future blifs.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
 Chaste, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born, 260
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.

Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please;
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
 And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none! 265
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
 To match the blessings of the future state,
 Those endless joys were ill-exchang'd for these;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease. 275

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
 Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
 And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
 That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
 Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.
 Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
 One that may do your business to a hair;
 Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay, 287
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
 Provided still, you moderate your joy,
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;

Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made,
The parents you may think would soon comply,
The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carol and devout intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebekah lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open fight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:

JANUARY AND MAY.

219

Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try, 331

No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd

So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.

Ye bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335

For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song ;

Think not your softest numbers can display

The matchless glories of this blissful day :

The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,

When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,

And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.

Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,

E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King :

Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345

And fresh and blooming as the month of May !

The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,

Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :

Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight

Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night, 350

Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r

To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.

Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,

And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round,

With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355

And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,

Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;

Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,

Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360

His lovely Mistress all his soul possess'd,

He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :

His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,

Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.

There let him lie; till his relenting dame 365
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos flood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day, 384
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sip'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast; 390
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
 ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
 Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
 The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
 The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
 The Squire alone was absent from the board,
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy Lord,
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,
 And close beside him sat the gentle May:
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view. 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'r's divine,
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
 'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
 Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425
 Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
 Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its selectest influence from above;
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire:

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
 But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd 440
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
 For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence: 445
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
 (Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd: }
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue: 460
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair, 465
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
 For this he held it dear, and always bore
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.

To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 470
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May,
 For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure? 475
 How short a space our worldly joys endure?
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit! 480
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
 Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
 For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day, }
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
 Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
 By secret writing to disclose his pain:
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
 Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
 Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes: 505
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that, which love will not explore? 515
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray; 520 }
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;
He rais'd his sponse ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart:
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made, 535
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here, let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life ;
 And rather would I chuse, by Heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
 When unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
 Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain ; 560
 And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love :
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind ;
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms ?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd ; 575
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :)
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you ;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend, 580
 To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear,
 First may the yawning earth her bosom read, 585
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well ;
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the honour of my race, 590
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect :
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595
 These doubts and fears of female constancy !
 This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear.
 Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
 Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past. 600
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh :
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 60
 And climbing, in the summit took his place ;
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run : 619
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
 To glad the globe, and paint the flow'ry fields,
 Clear was the day, and Phoebus, rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light : 614
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
 The Fairies sported on the garden-side,
 And in the midst their Monarch and his bride. }
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620 }
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensward bound,
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the }
 ground. }

The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain ;
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man :
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt, 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch e'er saw the sun ;
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
 For sagely hast thou said : Of all mankind, 635
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find :
 But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus, says the King, who knew your wickedness :
 'The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
 Or some devoting plague consume you all ;

As well you view the leacher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see:
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 645
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very act restore his sight:

And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
 Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need. }

For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age; 660
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.

Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
 Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this fland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670
 The wiser wits of later times declare,

How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
 Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
 And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
 How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
 And men interpret texts, why should not we?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone } 680
 Who only is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
 What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
 Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts; } 685
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,

And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater;
 Whose reign, indulgent God, says holy writ, } 690
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
 David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, } 695
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
 By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, } 701
 That this much-injur'd knight again should see;
 It must be done—I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen: } 705
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, } 710
 And to the Knight our story turns again;

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay :
 This was his song : " Oh kind and constant be,
 " Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee." 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew :
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods! she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side? 721
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green ;
 Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Qween!
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh :
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all! 740
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall :
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd ;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you ; 745

But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight,
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky: 755
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love! 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain — 779

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!

She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And, as they fell, she wip'd from either eye 785
 The drops (for women when they list, can cry).

The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd:
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more: 790
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
 By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride. 796
 But till your fight's establish'd, for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
 So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
 your sight:

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
 With well dissembled virtue in her face.

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives. 820

To be so well educated by their wives,
And give, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
Let all wife husbands, pray example take;
That such our taste, whose taste is to be made.

A husband wife, and a wife's duty,
Both, please and please, to be in duty,
Illustrious with duties and jealous in duty,
He begged her love, and she'd her mind's eye.

THE
WIFE of BATH,
HER
PROLOGUE.
FROM
CHAUCER.

THE
WIFE OF BATH.

HER
PROLOGUE.

FROM
CHAUCER.





*Ye Sovereign Wives! give ear & understand
Thus shall ye speed & exercise Command.
Wife of Bath.*

THE
WIFE OF BATH.
FROM
CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienced wife
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that can'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd;
And sure the certain flint was ne'er defin'd.

"Encrease and multiply," was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their fires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.

For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

25 }
 }

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.

There's danger in assembling fire and tow ;
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.

30

The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginitie he found :

'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

35

I envy not their blifs, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;

Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice ;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.

Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
 One proper gift, another grants to those :

40

Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor ;

Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny ;

But, by your leaves, Divines, so am not I.

45

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man :

Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.

For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n :

50

Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night.

His proper body is not his, but mine ;

For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
 Three were just tolerable, two were bad.

The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
 And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :

But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
 The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
 Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
 Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Base.

Presently flow'd in apace : with show'rs of gold,
 They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
 If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
 And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives ! give ear and understand,
 Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command,
 For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
 To lie so boldly as we women can :

Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
 And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul ! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
 Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay ?
 Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam —
 I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair ?
 Art thou so am'rous ? and is she so fair ?
 If I but see a cousin or a friend,

Lord ! how you swell, and rage like any fiend !

But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair ;

Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
 And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse ;

If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse ;

If highly born, intolerably vain,

Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,

Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic ;

Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.

If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,

By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side :

If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.

There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try, 100
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
 If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd, 110
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid, 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy wordly goods and treasure mine? 125
 Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

241

One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes —
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will, 130
"Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight, 135
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
And none can long be modest that are gay,
The Cat, if you but finge her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun; 145
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To shew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable fires.
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do, 150
I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night, 155
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to women the peculiar grace 160
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.

By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old, 174
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
 " Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look?
 " Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
 " Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!
 " Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach, 186
 " Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
 " 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
 " But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
 " Great is the blessing of a prudent wife, 190
 " Who puts a period to domestic strife.
 " One of us two must rule, and one obey;
 " And since in man right reason bears the sway,
 " Let that frail thing, weak woman have her way. }
 " The wives of all my family have rul'd 195
 " Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.

" Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
 " What! would you have me to yourself alone?
 " Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
 " Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart. 200
 " Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
 " You little think what custom I could have.
 " But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
 " What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my first three Lords I past my life; 205
 A very woman, and a very wife.
 What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
 Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
 Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
 Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie. 210
 In country dances still I bore the bell,
 And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
 To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
 Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve, 215
 And warm the swelling veins to seats of love:
 For 'tis as sure, as cold engenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two: 230

But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say;
 Not with my body, in a filthy way;
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
 With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
 How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I, that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood. 245
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inscrib'd the great Darius lay;
 But cast on graves is merely thrown away. 250
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew. 255
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains: 260
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap:
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.
 In pure good-will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.

He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish-priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall:
 Had but my husband pitied against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame,

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
 That oft a day I to this gossip went;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down, 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry Church we dally paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay;
 The wasting moth me'er spoil'd my best array;
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossom yields, 290
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields,
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
 I still have shifts against a time of need:
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul. 300

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown,
 All this I said; but dreams, firs, I had none:
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
 Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more. 305

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
 I tore my gown, I foil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must. 310
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
 To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
 But oft repented, and repent it still;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:

Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face; 335
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340
He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit, 345
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.

Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain Treatise oft at ev'ning read, 355
Where divers Authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves;
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man. 365
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.

Love seldom haunts the haunt where Learning lies,
And Vanna sets ere Mercury can rise. 370

Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow. 375
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire,
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame, 385
And Husband-hull—oh monstrous, fie for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the Sage she threw; 390
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land.
On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be. 400

Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;

That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought :
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion ;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
 frown'd ;

But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain ;
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;
 Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd), 420
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
 He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.

Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life :
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430
 Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
 With all the government of house and land,
 And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand. }
 As for the volume that revil'd the dames, 434
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
 Pleasures above, for tortures felt below :
 That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
 And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

THE B A I S.

Translated in the Year M DCC LIII.

A R G U M E N T.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcebus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,
The alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song: a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes 5
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde iubetis
Ire, Deae? gentisque tanam primordia dirae?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreae? scrutansque aequora Cadmum?
Longo retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem praelia sulcis 15

Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
 While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
 Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
 Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
 The fire against the son his arrow drew, 15
 O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
 And while her arms a second hope contain,
 Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20
 At Oedipus—from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race:
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole;
 Or long before, with early valour strove,
 In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove. 30

*Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
 Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
 Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
 Quod saevae Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
 Ionium, socio casura Palaemone mater.
 Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
 Praeteriisse finam; limes mihi carminis esto 20
 Oedipodae confusa domus; quando Itala nondum
 Signa, nec Arctoois ausim sperare triumphos,
 Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
 Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
 Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis*

And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name!
 O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
 And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
 To part his throne, and share his heav'n with thee;
 Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
 Refign to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
 Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muse
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse: 50

*Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famae,
 Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
 Aeternum sibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
 Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
 Pleiadam, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35
 Sollicitet; licet ignipedum fræuator equorum
 Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
 Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa
 Parte poli; maneat hominum contentus habenis,
 Undarum terraeque potens, et sidera dones. 45
 Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro
 Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. satis arma referre
 Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,*

Of furious hate surviving death, fire sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
 With dread behold the rolling surges sweep,
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

What Hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
 Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
 And sing with horror his prodigious end,

*Nec furiis post fata modum, flammæque rebelles
 Seditioe rogi, tumultisque carentia regum
 Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes;
 Caerula cum rubuit Lernaëo sanguine Dirce,
 Et Thetis arentes affuetum stringere ripas,
 Horrui ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.
 Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
 Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
 Urget et hostilem propellens caedibus amnem
 Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi 64
 Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.*

NOTES.

V. 65. *Or how the youth.*] Parthenopæus.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night; 70
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
 And thousand suries haunt his guilty soul,
 The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke. 80

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
 Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold:
 Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
 Merferat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
 Oedipodes, longaque animam sub morte tenebat. 70
 Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque recessu
 Sedis, inaspectos coelo, radiisque penates
 Servantem, tamen assiduus circumvolat alio
 Saeva dies animi, scelusque in pectore Dirae. 75
 Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitae
 Supplicium, ostentat coelo, manibusque cruentis
 Pulsat inane solum, saevaue ita voce precatur: 80
 Dî fontes animas, angustaque Tartara poenis
 Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
 Quam video, multumque mihi confusa vocari
 Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda, 85

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come :
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide :
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign ;
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd ;
 Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight ; 100
 O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire !

Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
 Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
 Firmasti; si stagna peti Cyrrhaea bicorni 90
 Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
 Contentus Polybo, triūdaque in Phocidos arce
 Longaevum implicui regem, secuique tremantis
 Ora senis, dum quaero patrem; si Sphingos iniquae
 Callidus ambages, te praemonstrante, resolvi;
 Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95
 Connubium gavissus inî; noctemque nefandam
 Saepe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
 Mox avidus ppenae digitis cedentibus ultro
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui: 100
 Exaudi, si digna precor, quaeque ipsa furenti
 Subjiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem

My sons their old, unhappy fire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride,
 Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail:
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
 Couldst thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
 (Pro dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
 Hisce etiam funestus ego? et videt ista decorum
 Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex 110
 Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
 Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
 Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
 I media in fratres, generis consortia ferro 115
 Diffiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
 Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur
 Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink; 125
 But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
 Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130
 And dark dominions of the silent night;
 Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
 To th' iron gates of Tanarus she flies,
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135
 The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
 Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height, 140
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
 With eager speed the well known journey took,
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.

Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos

Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte sedebat
 Cocytos juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,
 Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
 Illicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris
 Tristibus exiliit ripis. discedit inane 130
 Vulgus, et occursum dominae pavet; illa per umbras
 Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
 Taenariae limen petit irremediabile portae.
 Sensit adesse dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo 135
 Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
 Horrui, et dubia coelum cervice remisit.
 Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle refurgens 140
 Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
 Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.

A hundred shakes her gloomy visage shade,
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145
 In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
 Such rays from Rhoebe's bloody circles flow,
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
 came 150
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death!
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160
 Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerasæ,
 145
 Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
 Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
 Atracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno 150
 Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro
 Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbiq; famesque,
 Et populis mors una venit, riget horrida tergo
 Palla, et caerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
 Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpine cultus. 155
 Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
 Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus æira verberat hydro.
 Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron
 Occurrit coelo, fera sibilâ crine virenti

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round;
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice; 165
 Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
 Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,
 And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
 Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
 And all their Furies wake within their breast. 175
 Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;

Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
 Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
 Audiit et mediis coeli Parnassus, et asper 165
 Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
 In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
 Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
 Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona preffit.
 Atque ea Cadmaeo praeceps ubi limine primum 170
 Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
 Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
 Gentilesque animos subiit furor, aegraque laetis.
 Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
 Saevus amor: ruptaeque vices, jurisque secundi

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Gentilisque animus subiit furor*, seems a better reading than *Gentilesque*.

And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone, 180
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
Alike disdain'd with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair, 190
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.

Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regnis. 180
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
In diversa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite sulcos:
Haud secus indomitos praeceps discordia fratres 190
Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrum tenentem
Foedere praecipiti semper novus angeret haeres.

Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
No fretted roof with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate; 205
No charges then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine —
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage? 210
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,

*Haec inter fratres pietas erat; haec mora pugnae
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.*

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
~~Atria, congestos~~ satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis 205
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda potestas
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
Dumque uter angustae squalentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; perlit jus, fasque, bonumque,
Et vitae, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210
Ah miseri! quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit

When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)

Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
Igne Noti? quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum
Convestentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandae
Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
Oedipodae sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, saeve, 220
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Dissident, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laesisse veneno

Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
 These now controul a wretched people's fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
 Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in Bœotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?

Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
 Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus 235
 Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
 Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
 Fortunam fecere levem. semperne vicissim
 Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum,
 Terrarumque fator, sociis hanc addere mentem
 Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
 Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
 Pondera, Carpathio jussus sale quaerere Cadmus
 Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros: 250
 Fraternasque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
 Augurium, seros demisit adusque nepotes?

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 267

What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What fullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255
 Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd? 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
 As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus, on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate; 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
 And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes:

Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
 Saevior assurgens dempto consorte potestas?
 Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?
 Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
 Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi. 260
 Quid mirum? non solas erat. nos vilis in omnes
 Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
 Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus 265
 Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.
 Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
 Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur. 270
 At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria coeli

Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day,
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
 Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne, 280
 The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God,
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd. 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;

Lectus concilio divum convenerat ordo
 Interiore polo. spatii hinc omnia juxta
 Primaeque occiduaeque domus, effusa sub omni
 Terra atque unde die. mediis sese arduus infert 280
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
 Stellantique locat solio, nec protinus ausi
 Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum
 Semideum, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
 Et compressa metu, servantes murmura venti.
 Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum

NOTES.

[VER. 280.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*.

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy, 300
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain: 305
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;
 Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
 For this I suffer'd Phoebus' steeds to stray,
 And the mad Ruler to misguide the day.
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.

Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
 Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine posses. 295
 Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis.
 Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis
 Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)
 Terrarum delicta, nec exsuperabile diris
 Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum
 Exigar in poenas? taedet saevire corusco
 Fulmine; jam pridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
 Brachia, et Æoliis desunt incudibus ignes.
 Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
 Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,
 Et Phaëton taea mundum squallere favilla. 310
 Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspidate

For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd the impetuous sluices of the main :
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend ; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
 And the long series of succeeding woe ? 320
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood ;
 The savage hunter, and the haunted wood ?
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name ?
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again. }

Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
 Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor
 Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
 Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
 Mens cunctis imposta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
 Nesciat ? et toties excitam a sedibus imis 321
 Eumenidum bellasse aciem ? mala gaudia matrum,
 Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
 Crimina ? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactae
 Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam. 325
 Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres
 Patris, et immeritae gremium incestare parentis
 Apetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
 Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula solvit,
 Projecitque diem : nec jam amplius aethere nostro

Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans;
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view;
 Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line:
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed: 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
 He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)

Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 335
 Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,
 Dire senex; meruere tua, meruere tenebrae
 Ultorem sperare Jovem, nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina sunt
 Adrastus focer, et superis adjuncta sinistris
 Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis incescere gentem
 Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax 345
 Tantalus, et saevae periit injuria mensae.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucia dictis,
 Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
 Tala Juno refert: Mene, ô justissime divûm,

Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms, 360
 Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
 Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
 Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, rase my Samos, let Mycenè fall,
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;

Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama 350
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
 Custodem Phariae, somno letoque juvencae 355
 Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
 Mentitis ignosco toris: illam odimus urbem,
 Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni 360
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
 Facta luant Thebae: cur hostes eligis Argos? 365
 Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,
 Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenae.
 Verte solo Sparten. cur usquam sanguine festo

No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
 But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound,
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomaüs, defil'd with blood;

Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
 Laeta calet; melius votis Mareotica fumat
 Coptos, et aerisoni lugentia flumina Nili.
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
 Subvenitque tuis fera hæc sententia curis; 380
 Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
 Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda 385
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
 Imposuere locis: illic Mavortias axis
 Oenomaï, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo

Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.

Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care? 395

Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast; 401
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply.

'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare 405 }
Against a nation thy peculiar care :

No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,

Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Reliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos. me Tantaleis consilere testis,
Quae tandem invidia est? belli despecte tumultus,
Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno, 400
At non ille gravis, dictis, quamquam aspera, motus
Reddidit haec; Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem

NOTES.

VER, 399. *While such sons as those.*] Eteocles and Polynices.

Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and rev'rence our superior will. 410
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd ; th' irrevocable doom of Jove ;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air ; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the further strand : 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign :
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
 Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
 Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
 Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415
 Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles :
 Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
 Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
 Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
 Ulterior Eethes accepit ripa profundi 420
 Lege Erebi : ferat haec diro mea iussa nepoti
 Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
 Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
 Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem :
 Hinc causae irarum : certo reliqua ordine ducam.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 430
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height; 440
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves, 444
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
 His daily vision and his dream by night;

*Paset Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
 Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430
 Obnubique comas, et temperat astra galero.
 Tum dextrae virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
 Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435
 Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.
 Defiluit; tenuisque exceptus inhorruit aura,
 Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440
 Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.*

*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
 Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat
 Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445
 Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
 Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recurans*

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne. 450
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
 And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465

Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
 Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum
 Cerneret : hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
 Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae dispendia : sed mox
 Attollit status ducis, et sedisse superbum
 Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455
 Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.
 Tunc sedit Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
 Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenae.
 Ferre iter impavidum. seu praevia ducit Erinnyes,
 Seu fors ille viae, sive hac immota vocabat
 Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
 Deferit, et pingues Baccheo sanguine colles. 465

Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nisus realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs :

The hanging cliffs, of Scyron's rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the different shores :
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475

Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew ;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd : Sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,

And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.

Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day ;

No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night ;

Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
 Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
 Praeterit, hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens, 470

Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
 Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
 Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamquæ per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi 475
 Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti

Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat æra biga.

Jam pecudes volucresque tacent ; jam Somnus avaris
 Inferpit curis, pronusque per æra nutat, 480

Grata laboratae referens obliviam vitæ.
 Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coe'lo.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 279

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise, 486
 Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try, 490
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold North congeals to haily show'rs. 495
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud
 And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds

Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
 Longa repercussio nituere crepuscula Phoebos.
 Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ 486
 Subtextit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
 Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
 Ore minatur hiems; venti transversa frementes
 Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490
 Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster
 Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrofa volumina torquet,
 Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
 Persolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt 495
 Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur aether.
 Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
 Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto 500
 Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae

Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away :
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn, 506
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born :
 The storm the dark Lycean groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
 That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread ;
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with
 fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520
 When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,

Aggeribus tenuere morae, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus, et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum 506
 Solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycae.
 Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis 510
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
 Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas
 Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,
 Incertusque viae, per nigra silentia, vastum
 Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.
 Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto, 520

When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd, 526
Thus still his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
'Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
And to the regal palace bent his way;

Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat
Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes scopulos erectae incurrere prorae:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis moesta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530
Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens
Larissaeus apex. illo spe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celsae Junonia templa Prosymnae
Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535
Lernaei stagna atra vadi, tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Vestibula, hic artus imbri, ventoque regentes

On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days. 540

By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate! 545

But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
"A yellow lion and a bristly boar."

This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

*Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulae
Invitat tennes ad dura cubilia somnos.*

Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae
In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat, 540

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

Hic sexûs melioris inops, sed prole virebat

Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.

Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!

Mox adaptata fides) aevo ducente canebat

Setigerumque suem, et fulvum adventare leonem.

Haec volvens, non, ipse pater, non, docte futuri 550

Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.

Tantum in corde sedens aegrescit cura parentis.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
 Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
 And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
 Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight :
 Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
 He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n, 560
 'Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
 And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
 T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court ;
 The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
 And views their arms and habit with surprize.
 A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
 Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs ;
 Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
 Ere yet, adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570
 A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
 Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydonia relinquens 555
 Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
 Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
 Lustra terit, simileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
 Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
 Ora, comasque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus 560
 Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—

Hic primum luſtrare oculis cultusque virorum
 Telaque magna vacat ; tergo videt hujus inanem
 Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
 Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Teumefia Tempe
 Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
 Ante Cleonaei veſtitur praelia monſtri.

Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
 Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze, 575
 The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
 Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
 The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
 O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
 And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580
 To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
 And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
 Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
 You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585
 'Till nature, quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
 Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day. }
 O thou, who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
 Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!

*Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo
 Tydea per latoſ humeros ambire laborant
 Exuviae, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto 575
 Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phoebi
 Agnoſcens, monituſque datoſ vocalibuſ antriſ.
 Obtutu gelida ore permit, laetiuſque per artuſ
 Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductoſ 580
 Affore, quoſ nexiſ ambagibuſ augur Apollo
 Portendi generoſ, vultu fallente ferarum,
 Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmaſ:
 Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa laboreſ
 Ignea multivago tranſmittiſ fidera lapſu,
 Indulgenſ reparare animuſ, dum proximuſ aegriſ
 Infandat Titan agileſ animantibuſ ortuſ,
 Tu mihi perplexiſ quaefitam erroribuſ ultro*

Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid; 590
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595
Hail, faithful Tripes! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relicks of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around 605
With noisy care and various tumult sound.

*Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omnia firmes!
Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa service greges, lustraliaque exta
Lacte nova perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595
Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae
Progeditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes, 600
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri 605
Certatim accelerant. vario strepitu cuncta tumultu
Regia: pars oestro tenues, auroque sonantes*

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds ;
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads ;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light ; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.

Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne ;
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest ; 615
 Around at awful distance wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear.

Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas ;
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas :
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
 Viscera caesarum pecudum : his, cumulare canistris
 Perdomitam faxy Cererem. laetatur Adrastus
 Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno.
 Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis 615
 Discumbunt : simul ora notis foedata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt, tunc rex longaevus Acesten
 (Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620
 Lecta sacrum justae Veneri occultare pudorem)
 Imperiat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
 Nec mora praeceptis ; cum protinus utraque virgo

When, from the close apartments of the night,
 The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears.
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.

Arcano egressae thalamo (mirabile visu)
 Pallados armisonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae
 Aequae ferunt; terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
 Visa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
 Purpureas hausere genas: oculique verentes
 Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensae
 Victa fames, signis perfectum auroque nitentem
 Iasides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
 Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus
 Assueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:
 Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo
 Alas habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in aura
 Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
 Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallefcit in auro.

There from the chace Jove's stow'ring eagle bears, 640
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
 Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call; 650
 With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
 Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655
 Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640

Gargara defidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
 Stant moesti comites, frustra que sonantia laxant
 Ora canes, umbramque petunt; et nubila latrant. 645

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
 Coelicolas: Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad
 aras

Laude ciet comitem, famulumque, evincta pudica
 Fronde, manus: cui festa dies, largoque resecti
 Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes. 655

Forſitan, ô jûvenes, quæ ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
 Præcipuum cauſis Phœbi obteſtemur honorem,
 Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit

Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest'd, 670
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd! 675
But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding Fair enjoy'd:

Religio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660
Plebs Argiva titant: animos advertite, pandam:
Postquam coerulei sineosa volumina monstri,
Terrigenam Pythonem, deus septem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem
Robora; Castaliis dum fontibus ore trisulco
Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
Percolit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera testis,
Cyrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula caedi
Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. haec primis, et pubescentibus annis, 670
Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates
Intemerata toris, felix, si Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phoebo sociasset amorem.
Namque ut passis deum Nemeaci ad flumina undam,

Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
 The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine? 685
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
 He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.

Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
 Cynthia, sidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
 Edidit: ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
 Eligit: ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
 Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 685
 Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
 Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
 Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
 Et pecori commune solum, sed facta nec illum
 Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terrae
 Proiectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem,
 Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento 695
 Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures

Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair; 700
 Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
 The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
 High on a crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs: }
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When Night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
 Et metus: ipsa ultro saevis plangoribus amens
 Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700
 Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro
 Imperat, nefandum! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalamus, moestae solatia morti,
 Phoebe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
 Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora
 Pectoraque, aeternum stridens a vertice surgit
 Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
 Haec tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710
 Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
 Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
 Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere lactu.

But gen'rous rage the bold Choroebus warms,
 Choroebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms; 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd;
 Two bleeding babes depending at her side, 720
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embues her cruel claws.
 The youths surround her with extended spears;
 But brave Choroebus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embu'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730

Haud tulit armorum praestans animique Choroebus;
 Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi 716
 Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
 Obtulit, illa novas ibet populata penates
 Portarum in bivio, lateri duo corpora parvum 720
 Dependens, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
 Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.
 Obvius huic latus omne virum stipante coronâ,
 It juvenis, saxumque ingens sub pectore dirum 725
 Condidit; atque imas animae maeone corusco
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
 Redit habere Jovi juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Prolavium, et crasse squalentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostras carulæ animas, super Inacha pubes, 730

The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;

*Magnaue post lacrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent:
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Proterere exanimis artus, asprosq; molares
 Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735
 Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâsse lûporum.*

*Sævior in miseros satis ultricis ademptæ
 Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740
 Parnassî residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
 Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
 Tecta superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
 Labuntur dulces animæ: Mors sîla sororum
 Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
 Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthero laevus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!*

Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 759

Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760

Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

*Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monstro juvenes, qui caede potiti.* 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Oculis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti,
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi 755
Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras:

Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
Has egere vias. ego sum qui caede subegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et squaliente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
Quæris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis, 766

But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find;
 If such inclemency in Heav'n can dwell,
 Yet why must unoffending Argos feel 770
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 Or sun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775
 Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
 Merit distress'd, impartial Heav'n relieves: 780
 Unwelcomè life relenting Phœbus gives;
 For not the vengeful pow'r that glow'd with rage,
 With such amazing virtue durst engage.

Mors hominum, et saevo tanta inclementia coelo est;
 Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divum optime, solum
 Objecisse caput satis praestabit, an illud
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
 Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
 Vota mihi. satis est: merui, ne parcere velles. 776
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte: sed illum
 Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aqua merentes
 Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis 780
 Latoiden, tristemque viro summissus honorem
 Largitur vitae, nostro mala nubila coelo

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The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth re-
tir'd. 785

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King) 790
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?

The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd? 800
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!

*Diffugiunt; ac tu stupefacti a limine Phoebi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc statâ sacra quotannis
Solemnes recolunt epulae, Phoebeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos. has forte invisitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus,
Et Parthaoniac (dudum si certus ad aures 791
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.*

Dejecit moestos extemplo Ismenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit:
Non super hos divûm tibi sum quaerendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri,

Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805
 To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
 Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame?
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray, 810
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where fogs at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
 What Prince from those his lineage can defend?

*Sed si praecipitant miserum cognoscere curae,
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. tum notas Adrastus 805
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
 Scimus, ait; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis 810
 Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
 Novit, et Arctois si quis de solibus horret,
 Quique bibit Gangem, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
 Oceanum, et si quos incerto litore Syrtes 815
 Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum
 Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum
 Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820*

Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
 With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
 And be thyself the honour of thy race. }
 But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
 And shine more faintly at approaching day.
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.
 Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast; 830
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
 By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:

Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis
 Excusare tuos. Sed jam remone supino
 Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor uris. 825
 Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
 Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
 Phoebe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataraea nivosis
 Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rorè pudico 830
 Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
 Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
 Ingratis Phrygiis humeris subiisse molares:
 Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbr
 Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quaerere Delon: 835
 Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
 Arcus, et aetherii dono cessere parentes
 Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas

Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove. 840
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
 The change of Sceptres, and impending woes;
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame;
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
 Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast. 850
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
 The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine! 855
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
 Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
 Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;

Parcarum prænôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,
 Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 840
 Bella quibus populis, mutent quae sceptrâ cometæ.
 Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. tu matris honori 845
 Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
 Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovanter,
 Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera 850
 Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
 Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
 Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
 Adsis o memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855
 Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
 Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, seu praestat Osirin.

Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ; 300
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
 Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

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THE
F A B L E
O F
D R Y O P E.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair Consort of her son replies.
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota ministrae,
Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies, quid si tibi mira sororis
Fata meae referam? quanquam lacrymaeque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ. 10

NOTES.

DRYOPÉ.] Upon the occasion of the death of Hercules, his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable.

This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andraemon lov'd ; and, blest'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought ;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20
Not distant far, a wat'ry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
Of these she crop'd to please her infant son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done :
But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.

Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andraemon ; et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam 15
Littoris efficiens : summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia ; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus ; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20
Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25
Porrigeret, floris : et idem factura videbar ;
Namque aderam, vidi guttas e flore cruentas

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
 Forsook her form ; and fixing here became
 A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
 This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight :
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :
 But when she backward would have fled, she found
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground : 40
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
 And as she struggles, only moves above ;
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
 By quick degrees, and cover all below :
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
 To read her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.

Decidere ; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 50

*Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
 Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
 Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.*

*Nescierat soror hoc ; quæ cum perterrita retro 35
 Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,
 Haeserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat : 40
 Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo.
 Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex,
 Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
 Fronde manum implevit : frondes caput omne tene-
 bant, 45*

*At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
 Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit*

The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
 Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50
 And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
 Behold Andraemon, and th' unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire ;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
 And stait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 'Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

Uberta : nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50
 Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis ; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror : quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar : 55
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
 Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt ;
 Et quaerunt Dryopen ; Dryopen quaerentibus illis
 Ostendi loton, tepido dant oscula ligno, 60
 Adfusique suae radicibus arboris haerent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat.
 Cara soror, lacrymae verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis : ac, dum licet, oraue praestant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus.

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by 'all th' unpitying pow'rs of Heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
 In mutual innocence our lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
 Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,
 Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
 And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
 Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods, 85
 Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
 Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
 My fire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
 If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,

Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam. 70
 Viximus innocuae: si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes; et caesa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbora saepe
 Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
 Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, 80
 Et tristis dicat: Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
 Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
 Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.
 Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!

Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
 The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
 Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
 My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
 My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
 While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
 I can no more; the creeping rind invades
 My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
 Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
 Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
 She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be; 100
 And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
 Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
 And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere saleis, 90
 A pecoris morfu frondes defendite nostras.
 Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
 Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95
 Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.
 Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
 Colla liber serpet; summoque cacumine condor.
 Ex oculis removete manus: sine munere vestro
 Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
 Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diique 100
 Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

From the FOURTEENTH Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

From the FOURTEENTH Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

EX-117

A T O M O S

V E R T U M U S

1900

OLD METABOLISM

1947

propterea compellat : illa modo corripit viros

SECRET

VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted graffa receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives;

REGE sub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
 Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
 Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetus:
 Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes; 5
 Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
 Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce: 10
 Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
 Brachia compefcit; fissa modo cortice virgam
 Inferit; et succos alieno praestat alumno,

312 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew. 15

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20

How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care, 25

To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.

To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears :
And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.

*Nec patitur lentire sitim ; bibulaeque recarvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis. 15*

*Hic amor, hoc studium : Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agrestium metuens, pomaria claudit
Iatus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20*

*Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juvenus,
Fecere, et pinu praecincli cornua Panes,
Sylvanusque suis semper juvenillior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur ea ? sed enim superabat amando 25*

*Hos quoque Vertumnus : neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habiti duri messoris aristas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago !*

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 313

Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers:
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
 A foldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
 A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The God in this decrepit form array'd,
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)

Tempora saepe gerens foeno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
 Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator:
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares:
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta.
 Denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
 Repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
 Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
 Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit annum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
 Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.

314 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

" Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 " As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
 Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
 Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
 An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread: 60
 He view'd her twining branches with delight,
 And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
 Yet this tall elm, but for this vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65
 Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
 Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
 What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
 Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms, 71
 Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.

Paucaque laudatae dedit oscula : qualia nunquam 55
 Vera dedisset anus : glebaque incurva refedit,
 Suspiciens pandos autumnus pondere ramos.
 Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis : 60
 Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
 At si stare, ait, coelebs, sine palmite truncus,
 Nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
 Haec quoque, quae juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo, 65
 Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.
 Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
 Concubitusque fugis: nec te conjungere curas.
 Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
 Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheia movit
 Proelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssæi.

Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
 A thousand Sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care. }
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.

Nunc quoque, cum fugias averferisque petentes,
 Mille proci cupient; et semideique deique, 75
 Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
 Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, animumque
 Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis 80
 Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
 Vertumnumque tui socium tibi selige: pro quo
 Me quoque pignus habe: neque enim sibi notior ille est,
 Quam mihi, nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
 Hæc loca sola colit; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
 Quam modo vidit, amat: tu primus et ultimus illi
 Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
 Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris: 90
 Mannus habet; formæque apte fingetur in omnes:

516 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please;
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures are the same. 95
 To him your orchards' early fruit are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
 He values these; but yet (alas!) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.
 Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind;
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!—

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again;

Et, quod erit iussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
 Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quae tibi poma co-
 luntur,

Primus habet; laetaque tenet tua munera dextra;
 Sed neque jam foetus desiderat arbore demtos,
 Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas; 100
 Nec quidquam, nisi te, miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
 Qui petit, ote meo praesentem crede precari.—
 Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus, adurat
 Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110
 Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
 Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 317

Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design ;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

*Instrumenta sibi : talisque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115
Evicit nubes, nullaue obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat : sed vi non est opus : inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

